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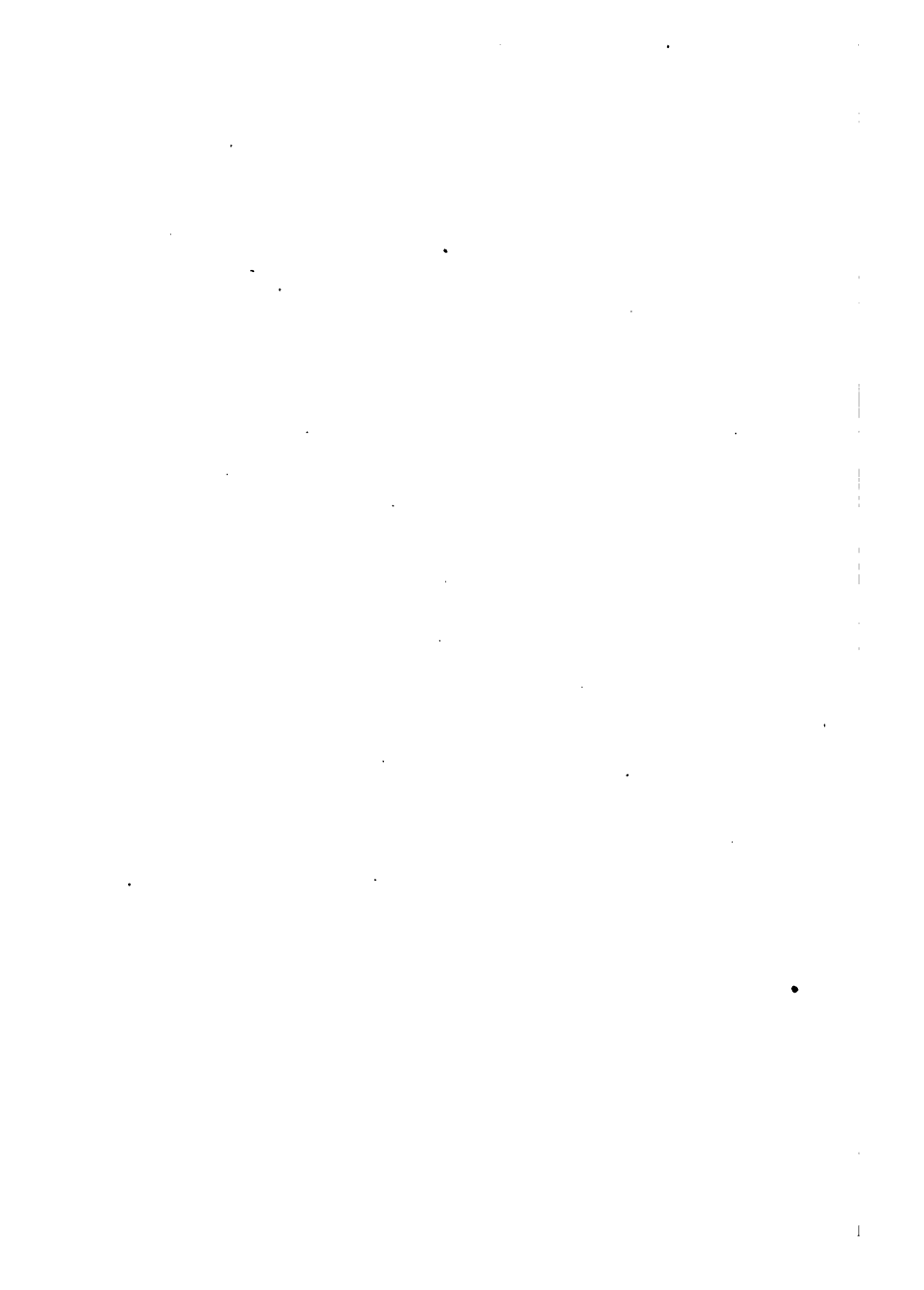
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THE MILDANT SUFFRAGETTE



# MISS EAGLE

## THE SUFFRAGETTE

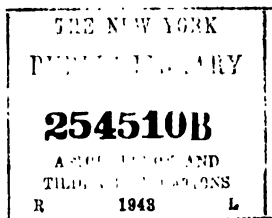
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MISS EAGLE—THE SUFFRAGETTE

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**Women ! let us be beautiful, let us be homely, let us be merry, let us be wise; but above all things, let us be womanly.**

"A strange rage, this modern mania, to give a common manner to all minds and to destroy individuality."

"How like unto sheep are we :—  
In jumping a fence, maybe :—  
We'll follow a leader  
Because we need her  
For Habit's so strong, you see."

---

It is said, "the woman who deliberates is lost." The truth is women are lost, because they do not deliberate.

"With outstretched arms! voice replete,  
With agony, tears, heroic defeat,  
    'I'll win your battles,  
    Be women, not chattels:'  
'What's the charge?' cried Bridget, from out of the street."

---

To ask a favor, a man says to himself, "What I shall say?" A woman meditates, "What shall I wear?"

'Tis a serious question, requiring care,  
A thoughtful mien, preoccupied air:  
    Yet this is as naught,  
    With the fear that is fraught,—  
As "Madam President," What *shall* I wear?"  
'Tis a serious question, you'll admit I'm fair,  
Woman's dress, is her constant care;  
    Her biscuits and babies,  
    Her fads and her rabies  
Are mere details to her, "What *must* I wear."

## MISS EAGLE—THE SUFFRAGETTE

**I**T was Dame Nature's doing ; she had given the information to some of the birds, and in consequence,—the news had travelled fast.

"There is only one thing to be done," said the Raven, "and that is, call a meeting. Our kingdom must be upheld at any cost, its old institutions kept sacred, its laws faithfully adhered to. If the Sparrows have been converted to Suffrage, there is no telling where the calamity will end. All birdland may become infected with the germ. Yes! let's call a meeting. What say you, Wisdom?"

"With all my heart," replied the Owl. "Since I heard the news, I have been wishing someone would rise, and vigorously combat the aggressive spirit. Who is the leader of this movement? Who is doing all the mischief?"

"Miss Eagle."

"Umph! Just as I imagined, and, you say, she has already won over the Mother Sparrows? Poor things; t'is a clear case of ignorance on their sides. I suppose they haven't the faintest idea what the word "Suffrage" means. As for government, why, they can't even govern themselves. What presumption! What conceit, to think of it! Why they're always quarreling and backbiting! A disgrace to our community. A pretty state of affairs it would be, if our wives and mothers and bachelor sisters and the rest of 'em were to run the gauntlet of these woods. The peace of the country would be jeopardized. Down with the idea, Raven, down with it! I'm with you to the letter, to kill it outright. Now what do you propose to do?"

"Well! First I shall send a broad-minded note, couched in the most delicate of words, to Miss Eagle, and ask her if she will come this afternoon and expound to a few of us her views on this Suffrage question; that having



ascertained, that the Sparrows have been converted to the new political religion, we are anxious to learn, from direct sources, if we shall be benefitted by adopting its measures. The letter will be ambiguous in meaning, my dear Wisdom, but expressed in so neat a way that its real motive will not be noticed—certainly not at the first glance. If Miss Eagle accepts the invitation, or, in our words, the challenge, and I have no doubt on the matter—for where converts rush in, the converter does not fear to tread—I shall adopt a method with her that I feel sure will win a victory for us. Wisdom! the great art of to-day, is the art of ‘diplomacy.’ A true diplomat knows how to govern men, women and children. Are women diplomats? If not, can they learn the art?” The Raven asked these questions very knowingly.

“Of course, I am alluding to the ‘real thing’ not the counterfeit of wiliness or trickiness; we know that exists in large quantities, but that exquisite diplomacy that——”

“My goodness, Raven! Your knowledge

of the female is wonderful," said the Owl, laughing significantly.

"That exquisite diplomacy," the bird continued, "that wears it's velvet on the outside." Now, Wisdom, there is this much about this business: no one has heard any of us express our views on this dis— 'cussed' question, but this sudden onslaught in our midst has aroused me. I am compelled to give voice to the matter. I have determined on a field of action that I think will give us the victory."

"Well," responded the Owl, "I leave the whole matter to you. It is safe in your hands, I am sure. But, Raven, remember Miss Eagle's a woman. You'll have to be as—diplomatic—as the Sultan to handle her, maybe." The expression in the bird's eye was a study.

"Not a bit of it! Not a bit of it! One phase of diplomacy is to be able to throw—with skill—I grant—dust in your opponent's eyes. Miss Eagle may be blinded this afternoon."

"I rather think she will," the Raven said slowly.

"I've studied my methods. I've thought out

a little plan, which I flatter myself, is almost Rooseveltian in its conception. Come nearer, Wisdom, I'll whisper it to you!" The bird looked 'round to see if any of Miss Eagle's kind were about. A few Sparrows were chattering a little distance away.

"You know," he continued, "One has to be very careful in expressing one's self aloud, you don't know who's about, and the woods are full of these 'Suffragists,' ever alert, ever vigilant. But all's fair in love and—Suffragism. Bend your head a little closer, Wisdom," continued the Raven, "while I tell you what I'm going to do." The two birds held a whispered conversation, the result of which was a loud and prolonged hilarious scream from the Owl.

"Capital! Capital!" he said, drying the tears from his eyes. "Splendid head you've got, Raven, splendid head. I'm with you, and too, I shall benefit by it. Did you think of that? Capital! Capital! Oh you're a diplomat, there's no getting away from that. You'd beat a Russian; what's more, you'll beat a Tartar this afternoon, or my name's not

what it is. I'm tickled to death. It's the best idea I've heard in a bird's age. Not a word will I say to anyone. Now I'm off. I'll go and see Magpie. I must get my monocle fixed, too."

"And I," said the Raven, "will interview Mrs. Barnyard, and also Miss Parrot. She's tremendously clever and knows something of this movement, for some of Miss Eagle's co-workers often visit her home, of course for the purpose, but, so far, they've had no success. She's neither for, nor against it, but this afternoon I'll warrant, will decide her views. I shall arrange for the meeting to take place at her home."

"Father Sparrow may come. He's quite bowled over by the attitude Mrs. Sparrow has taken. You know what she is; as visionary as a mole. Her three married sisters may be here too. They're no better. I understand they've joined the ranks. I'm not so indignant as amused, old chap. This topsy turvy of Womandom is quite entertaining. We'll see some of it this afternoon. It'll be a treat—

treat—Wisdom, do you understand?” The Raven’s jocular remark was not lost on the Owl, for his face was wreathed in smiles.

“A fine treat, a capital treat, Raven, you’ve promised us,” responded the Sage, and again he broke out into laughter, until his wings shook with mirth. “You see,” he continued, with sobered countenance, “Miss Eagle’s very wary. She began her wiles and machinations on these foreigners, because their education is very limited; their reputation for fighting, world wide—such impulsive creatures as they are. If we allowed this germ to spread among them, the greedy beggars wouldn’t know when or where to stop. We’ll nip it in the bud, Raven! Nip it in the bud! It’s our only chance.”

“Yes, you’re right, you’re right. Well, I’m off. Now remember, this afternoon we’ll meet Miss Eagle, and—the situation——”

Away flew the bird, the Owl following his example.

"T'is not susceptibility that governs the world."

Through open windows the sun was peering into a room that held charms and fancies enough to please a connoisseur's conception of the desired atmosphere for humans.

Its furnishings were simple, without being luxurious. Its color scheme, subtle, absorbing, provoking a rest within from the meeting of the rest without. It was a room for thoughts provocative of laughter as well as seriousness, contentment and happiness, stimulating ambition and perseverance, for the very air, filled with the constituents that make the heart pure and healthy, the mind poised and searching, the soul strong and uplifting, spelled the letters "Home."

The birds were assembled for their meeting. The Raven occupied the seat at the head of the table, while the Owl, Miss Parrot, Mrs. Barnyard, Mr. Sparrow and Miss Magpie sat on one side.

"Now we are all here. Let's get to business," began the Raven, putting pads and pencils before him. "I sent the delicately couched, broadminded note to Miss Eagle. It won. The reply was all that could be wished for; the stationery quite up to date; even the stamps harmonized with its colors. Of course the answer came from 'headquarters.' There is no telling who wrote it, whether it was she or some one else; it wasn't signed. She is to be here at three o'clock."

"Are you all prepared with the questions you wish to ask, to provoke a battle royal with our opponent?"

"I've one or two things I wish to say," said Mrs. Barnyard. "And what's more, I ain't afraid to put 'em to her."

"My grey matter has thought out a few trifles," said the Owl sententiously, adjusting his monocle, to give full force and dignity to his remark.

"Why the deuce she's wasting her time, is the only pertinency I shall venture," exclaimed Mr. Sparrow. "Thank goodness, I know the

females of my family. They'll soon be re-converted I'll wager."

"I shall simply wait until I hear Miss Eagle's views before I address her. Two things we have in common, a 'wagging' tongue, and the 'imitative' fever. Discretion is the better part for me," cynically said Miss Parrot. "And this being my home, I must remember my graces."

"I shall watch her stealthily, and I'm a close observer," said Miss Magpie, with decision.

"Now Wisdom," the Raven began, "I'm going to make you the 'Clerk of the Court'. You will note all that Miss Eagle says that's worth noting. Here is a pad and pencil for you. The rest of you will follow her remarks very closely, and lend your ears and eyes to her behavior and general make-up. Follow my line of diplomacy and we shall come out—"

"Ah! I hear her," exclaimed the Owl. "Yes, I'm sure t'is she." Not a bird among them, but began to preen his or her feathers, after which they assumed the attitude required.

The door opened, and in walked Miss



Eagle, broad shouldered, smiling and capacious. She was accompanied by her latest converts, some eight or ten sparrows, all looking exceedingly triumphant and—confident.

“Good-day, Madam,” was the greeting from all.

“Good-day,” was the rejoinder.

“Kindly take the chair at the foot of the table,” said the Raven, in a business-like, yet cordial way. “Seats on the window sill are provided for the Sparrows.”

Miss Eagle seated herself, smirking and smiling on everyone. The birds meekly sat down where they were appointed.

“Madam,” continued the bird, his voice full of suavity and dignity, “We are very glad to see you. We are anxious to hear your explanation of Suffragism. It seems to be a most remarkable movement, one we feel sure, is full of weight—and matter—and—manliness. Knowing that our friends, the Sparrows, have taken so kindly to the idea,” (at this juncture, Mr. Sparrow’s feathers began to ruffle, but a timely prod from the Magpie’s wing, brought

them down before it was noticed. "Control yourself," she whispered.)

"——Our curiosity," the Raven went on saying, "is roused to learn if we too may not be benefitted. The Sparrows, as a rule, know a thing or two—when they see it. We may be very glad to follow their example when——" The Raven looked at the Magpie to say something.

"Understand the situation," she immediately said.

"Pre—cisely," remarked the Parrot, looking straight before her.

Miss Eagle again smiled, both confidently and pleasantly. Her comfortable proportions proclaimed her a lover of the "flesh pots of Egypt." Her physical strength, judging from the size of her, was undoubtedly something not to be argued with; her mental and moral capabilities had yet to be reckoned with.

"May we hope for your assistance, Miss Eagle?" the Raven said blandly.

"Yes indeed! I'm mighty glad to be here. I can talk Suffragism by the hour to you, I

know I can. You look a pretty sensible lot of birds—comfortable minded—not a bit contrary—no, not a bit. You'll take to it, like bees take to honey. They all do, when they understand it." Again Miss Eagle's capacious smile beamed on them all.

Out of the corners of her eyes Mrs. Barnyard looked meaningly at Miss Magpie, who sat on one side of her, and who did not fail to note the expression.

"When you hear what Suffragism is," continued Miss Eagle, "I'm pretty sure you'll come over to our side. I had no trouble at all in winning the Sparrows, they were dead easy; took to it like ducks take to water." She looked at the birds sitting on the window sill and smiled on them benignly.

"We're for Suffrage," one of them cried.

"We'll see," Mr. Sparrow said, under his breath. The Magpie prodded him again.

"Now," Miss Eagle went on saying, "This movement is the biggest, I guess, women have ever been mixed up with. You know crowds draw wherever they go. They're sure to gather round 'em——"

"All sorts and conditions," said the Parrot quietly.

"Yes, all sorts," Miss Eagle repeated. "It's bound to succeed—can't help it."

"If it doesn't do the other thing," Mrs. Barnyard said placidly.

"We're for Suffrage," the Sparrows again called out.

"An impertinent interruption is a deadly sin," said Mr. Sparrow scornfully, turning round and looking at the fighting array for a second. "You're for nothing but grub and gra——"

The Raven interruptingly frowned down this remark, and Mr. Sparrow subsided.

"Perhaps, Miss Eagle," he began saying, "the better way to gain this information, we so strangely desire to know, will be by those means called—a cross examination. This way of questions and answers, is generally so stimulating, so satisfactory——"

"And conclusive," remarked the Owl, looking at Miss Eagle through his monocle. "Don't

you think so?" The bird's tone was all persuasiveness.

"The very best! The very best! It draws out ideas," replied Miss Eagle.

"Pre—cisely, and takes 'em in too," remarked the Parrot to the Magpie.

"Come! fire away," Miss Eagle said. "What you don't understand, ask and you shall receive. T'is a level head that knows how to reply."

"And a leveller one that can remember the answers," said the Parrot.

The Owl immediately was busy with his pencil and pad.

"Will you mind, Miss Eagle, if we dip into personalities once in a while—just a trifle," the Raven continued.

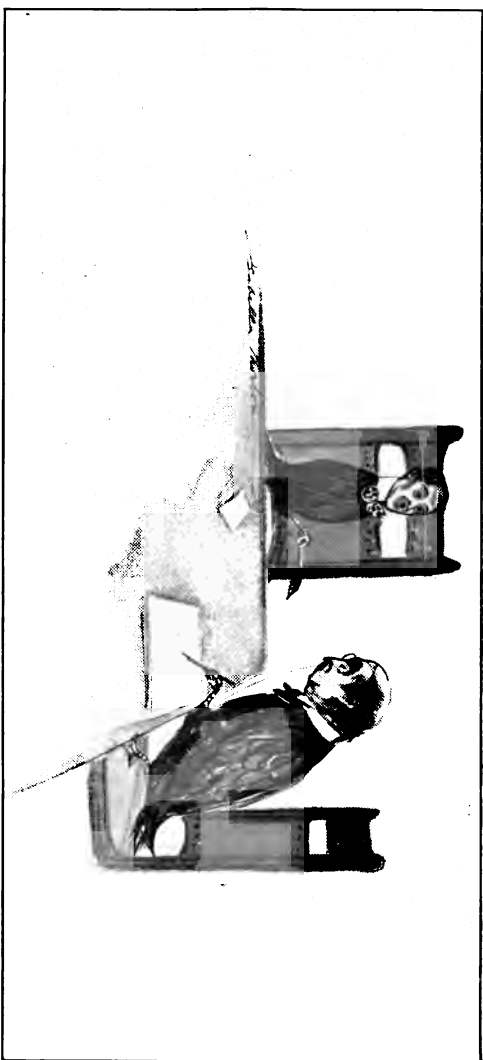
"Just a trifle," echoed the Magpie sweetly.

"Yes," the Raven went on saying, "one hates to do it, but for the sake of—ourselves—as well as the cause, (Mrs. Barnyard and the Sparrow exchanged looks) we want to learn all there is to be learned of this 'intensely sensational, highly gyrational' movement of yours."

"Oh, Raven, don't talk like that, or you'll make me want to go on the jump. I dote on 'turns.' But, Birdies, I tell you I ain't afraid of anything you care to ask me. I know my subject, as well as a baby knows its bottle. A clean record and a clean name's my history. Why, when I first went into politics," Miss Eagle waxed more confident, as she saw the birds listening, and the Owl ready, with pencil in hand, to jot down the remarks, "I was that shy, I daren't say what was in my mind. Lord bless me! In them days, I hadn't——"

"Put that down, Wisdom," said the Raven, "that's a great point. Miss Eagle hadn't the mind——"

"No! No! Raven, it wasn't the mind that was wanting, it was 'nerve,'—'nerve,' I tell you. Why, at that time, I hadn't the fight in me I have now. That shows you, what a woman gains by being a Suffragist. I'm ready for anything. I've more pluck and courage, and——. Well, the fact is, Birdies, there'll spring up a 'Woman Jeffries' among us one of these days. The men had better watch out."



PUT HER DOWN AS 47

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"The Militant Suffragist—is——" The Owl began to write.

"A boon and a blessing to her co-workers. Put that down. She's great. This is a treat," the Parrot whispered.

"Your interesting talk is very fascinating, dear Miss Eagle," began the Raven. "Of course you are an American?"

"Yes, thank heaven! Born in the State of Maine, I'm proud to say. Old Puritan Stock."

"Mayflower?" remarked the Magpie, quiscally.

"The boat that followed. Birdie, you're a good guesser."

"How old are you, Miss Eagle?" asked the Raven, without any parleying.

"Well now, that's a question."

The birds smiled.

"But it's no use bucking it, I'll tell you. I was 29 last—last—last—dear me, when was I 29?"

"Is your memory short, Madam?" the Raven enquired, seeing Miss Eagle's face wrapped in thought.

"Sometimes it is, Raven. Let me see. I was 29 last——"

"Put her down as 47, Clerk of the Court," said the bird. The Owl wrote it down quickly.

"Forty-seven!" snapped Miss Eagle, "why——"

"Of course, I may be mistaken," said the Raven dubiously.

"Let it pass, they're all alike, all alike," said the Parrot.

"Are the women supposed to give their real age, when they go to the polls?" asked the Owl, with ready pencil to note the reply.

"Search me," replied Miss Eagle, still ruffled, "age is a mere detail to a woman, for she's generally as old as she looks. By this calendar, she dates her years——"

"My word," said the Parrot, "it's lucky such calendars can stamp their own dates; left to someone else, an awful muddle might be made of it."

"Some calendars are the——" said the Magpie, whispering to Mrs. Barnyard and winking at the Owl. "They are and they al-

ways will be. There's no dating them," responded the bird, quietly.

"I was so afraid, Miss Eagle, that if we embraced Suffragism, and the pastime of voting was given us, we would have to give the exact date of our birth—be absolutely truthful and honest—you know—in regard to it." Mrs. Barnyard said. "It would be rather a difficult matter—perhaps give rise to sensitiveness and embarrassment—you know and—so on. For," she continued sympathetically, "one's age is the easiest thing in the world to—pardon me, Miss Eagle—to lie about—but if a lie doesn't matter, in the question of reform, for the world, the flesh, and the—men, we will say, why it's all right. I just wanted to know, because the matter of being truthful—strictly truthful—on this subject, is a very delicate question to me—but—I'd hate to equivocate,"

"Capital! Capital! Well put," said the Owl, in an undertone.

"Well!" said Miss Eagle, "what's age to do with voting. after the legal age has been attained. If you've got good common sense,

that beats it anyway, no matter if you're an 'infant woman' or a 'woman infant.' Birdies, don't worry. When you get Suffrage in your country, you'll have left behind you such scruples as the reminders of the 'past' and 'present' if they interfere with your work."

"It will take some time before women will be able to reform themselves on this trifle, won't it?" asked Miss Magpie.

"Habit's so strong, they're all alike," said the Parrot. "Pass it by."

"But if women are going to reform the men, in the matter of—'little things,' they ought to stay at home and get themselves in trim for it, I think, don't you, Raven?"

"Decidedly. Then it is agreed, if we urge the females in our community to adopt Suffrage, we'll leave the 'age question' out, for fear, they may become too—human."

"Agreed!" said the Parrot. "Besides, too, being honest and truthful is a quiet game—makes less noise."

"I'm sure you'll think this is wise, don't you, Miss Eagle?"

"Sound philosophy, Raven, but, if we'd adopt it, we'd be lonesome."

"Miss Eagle, have you ever been married?" coyly asked Mrs. Magpie.

"Bless me! no! I'm *Miss* Eagle, not a Mrs. but I'm going to be, some day."

"Going to be!" exclaimed Mr. Sparrow, incredulously.

"Bet yer life."

"To a mere man?" asked Mrs. Barnyard, placidly.

"Yes," she replied decisively, "they're useful when married in many ways, if properly trained. I've eyes on one. Why, do you know, when women have their full 'rights,' they'll be accorded the distinct happiness of proposing to the man. There!!!"

"What was that?" asked the Owl, letting his monocle drop, in the excitement of the moment.

"We're going to propose to the men," snapped Miss Eagle, her voice rising.

"Lord have mercy upon us!!" Miss Parrot said, solemnly and slowly.

"Amen," responded the Owl.

The rest of the birds bowed their heads, and said something under their breath.

"Yes, we shall propose to 'em legally and——"

"Unmorally," finished the Magpie.

"Maybe that or worse," said the Parrot.

"They'll take to the woods sure."

"They'll be followed, Parrot; they'll be followed, or my name's not Mrs. Barnyard. Suffragism is making the women progress too rapidly, I think, if it's coming to this. It doesn't do, to be too swift in the matter of things such as marriage reform."

"No indeed! Proper mating with us, is a divine institution," said the Raven, proudly.

"While the improper proves generally a devilish experience," chimed in the Parrot.

"It is a serious idea, Miss Eagle, you have put to us; very serious," said the Raven.

"Not a bit of it," replied Miss Eagle, "why shouldn't a woman propose to a man? Some of 'em are so shy and slow——"



LORD HAVE MERCY UPON US





"My! My!" the Owl said, putting up his monocle.

"——of doing the job, they never come up to the scratch," she continued. "Their hearts are such tumble down things that they want a woman to prop 'em up. Just wait and see how we'll regulate affairs. Equal standards for both, I say." The way she closed her mouth after this remark bespoke her feelings.

"So do we," piped up the Sparrows, who had been in and out of the room catering for themselves, and had just heard the final remark.

"I'm for celibacy after this," said Mr. Sparrow. "Man's institutions can't be knocked down like ninepins. It isn't rational; something's wrong."

"It's so very sudden," said Miss Parrot. "I've always heard such different thoughts from the old maids I've lived with. I suppose I'm old-fashioned in my views. Dear! dear! but the Parrot's got to be made I'd propose to."

"Oh! you'll get over such trifles when you get Suffrage; great, grand, glorious Suffrage that means freedom for women, and captivity for men. My! I love to think of it."

"The Man Prisoner," groaned the Owl,  
"or——"

"Why don't you know Birdies, what makes the happy marriage? The law of opposites; big women, little men," Miss Eagle said, excitedly.

"The Lord keep him," said Mrs. Barnyard, raising her eyes to Heaven.

"Airy graces, serious temperaments, foolish notions, wise beliefs. Why I wouldn't wonder if Suffrage doesn't lead women to find their mates, as they never found them before. Up to this time lots of 'em have been so short-sighted they couldn't see, but the glasses they're using now ain't been made from pebbles only. No indeed! They're to the wise," and Miss Eagle looked down, on the folds of her rose-colored chiffon-broadcloth dress, with unctious satisfaction.

"And we're to the wiser," said the Raven, to one side.

"What's that noise?" asked the Magpie.

"It's the Suffragist Sparrows fighting among themselves," said Mrs. Barnyard.

"Mrs. Sparrow Brown wants to be elected President when the time comes, but her daughter says she's too old," piped up one.

Mrs. Hedge Sparrow wants to be the Secretary, but she can't write," said another.

"Loyalty! loyalty! Thy gender is feminine," said the Owl, most seriously.

"Clear them out! Clear them out!" said Mr. Sparrow. "It's a question of being heard with them. We've had enough. Their capability for Suffrage has been voiced. It sadly lacks finish and detail."

"Suffragists," said Miss Eagle, sweetly, "brave little fighters; staunch bearers of the cross, you'll win. Your parliamentary talk proves it."

"It's copy, all copy," remarked the Parrot. "Their natural and ordinary talk is mostly feathers and grub, chiefly feathers."

"You are dismissed, Sparrows," said the Raven quietly, "you are too noisy."

The birds rose to go, but one or two before they filed out, said, "You'll hear us again; you'll hear us again. We're for Suffrage."

"Bravo! Bravo!" called out Miss Eagle. "What zeal, what pluck, don't you admire them. Why these very midgets will win you to our cause. What noble efforts they prove. I am delighted with them."

"So' are we," said Mrs. Barnyard, ambiguously.

"A little more training, and they'll be all-right," remarked Miss Eagle, triumphantly.

"A *short term* at the 'School of Experience,' I suppose you're alluding to," said the Owl, getting busy with his pencil again.

"They'll win it," said the Parrot.

"Suffrage! Suffrage for us!" came back the cry from outside.

Miss Eagle's smile was a volume of satisfaction; its breath and blandness—two of distinctive worth; the expression in her eyes, a library of—fiction—as the wrangling and jangling of the birds were distinctly heard.

"What they are doing is part of the work," said Miss Eagle. "The voice of Suffragism will be heard above all others."

"We believe you," remarked Mrs. Barnyard.

"Miss Eagle, do you believe in being an 'anti' in anything?" the Raven asked.

"Not on your life, where progression for women is concerned. Suffrage means getting ahead, and getting ahead means power," she almost screamed.

"Well we didn't know. Of course you must think us very ignorant to ask so many questions," said the Raven, "but we've got to be quite sure of all these queer ideas, before we adopt them, or we should be like some fools, who rush where dear angels fear to tread. Don't you think so?"

"Of course you've got to know; I've got to tell 'em *all* that, but when you do know it, it's alright," the Suffragette replied.

"Miss Eagle," the Magpie said sweetly, "I do admire your hat. It is simply a creation."

"Lovely," remarked Mrs. Barnyard, looking at it critically.

"So glad you like it, Birdies. Came from Paris—cost a fortune you know. Yes, I think it's becoming."

"It is beautiful," said Miss Magpie, "the plume is exquisite."

"Yes, got it from some bird in South America. 'Bird of the Heavenly Vision,' I think they called it. A relative of yours perhaps, Magpie."

"No, I have no such aristocratic friends," she replied, sadly.

"Goes with my dress nicely, don't you think so, Birdies?"

"Charmingly," said the Raven, giving a significant look to the Owl, who immediately became busy.

"Audubon! Audubon! Where art thou?" asked the Magpie.

"Not among the Suffragettes, evidently," replied the Parrot.

"And yet," said the Raven, sadly, "it is reform they're advancing. I'm afraid, Miss Eagle, we shall never be able to suggest your views to our partners."

"Why not, pray?"

"Well, if you think for a moment you will understand," said the Parrot, crossly.

"Lord, Birds! I've tumbled, but you're mighty particular. What's a wing or two, a few feathers, a cat or a dog. Mere trifles when it comes to the real issue of things of getting ahead. A woman's hat isn't her whole dress."

"But it's a dead give away to what's underneath it, said the Parrot.

"I have seen some creations and upheavals," said the Magpie, "which——"

"——of course expressed the character," said the Raven. "Does getting ahead mean getting a hat, or does getting a hat suggest having a head? It's puzzling, isn't it? Can't make it out. Simplicity, with us, of course marks us. Well, we've heard your views on the anti-s and Audubons. We'll now pass on to something else."

"What about 'nerves' among Suffragettes?" asked Mrs. Barnyard.

"Must they be equal to any occasion?" queried the Parrot.

"Oh yes, mine are as steady as a man's—fit and poised—able to parry—able to carry——"

"Able to marry, if she can—poor man. Tra la la," sang the Parrot.

"Nothing frightens me. Nerves! Don't know 'em," said Miss Eagle.

"Mercy, what rocks the women must be. The new idea must certainly have some—yes—some effect on them," said the Magpie.

"My dear, the difference between bluff and bravery is very great; one is skin deep, and the other's to the bone." remarked the Owl.

"There's no hope for us, I fear," said Miss Magpie, "with our sensibilities, simplicity of dress, strong love of home, and our nestlings. Dear! dear! we are very barbaric, very old-fashioned in our present day views. After hearing Miss Eagle, it makes one feel——"

"Cheer up," said the Suffragette, "the first step toward the cause is when you feel discontentment with your lot. That's what got me to this position. Look at me, the up-to-date, strong as an ox, full lunged, healthy and trying to get wealthy Suffragist; an honor to her cause and an example to her sex. Be-



hold me!" Miss Eagle was certainly very self-conscious of her abilities.

"Write down: The Militant Suffragist has nerve equal to an elephant's; she's as poised as a rock; can be thrown any distance," said the Raven.

"The result of fighting," remarked Miss Parrot, "to fight, or not to fight, whether it is nobler—in women——"

"One moment, Parrot, let me get this 'nerve' down," said the Owl. Miss Eagle bowed and smiled.

"What about reasoning quality of the 'fair ones' of your cause?" asked the Raven. Logic among the females in our world is an unknown quantity. Will that debar us? *You* seem to be able to reason very adroitly—almost akin to a man."

"I—why I am as able as a lawyer!"

"Man or woman?"

"Man of course."

"The argument's in our favor, Owl; put that down."

"Then dear Miss Eagle, if one is domesti-

cated, a good cook, a maker of home, does that interfere—prevent—you know?"

"Well! I must say they're side issues to the 'Great Cause.'"

"Can you cook?" Mrs. Barnyard asked.

"Oh, if I'm pushed to it, but I ain't stuck on it."

"Could you make an omelet?" the bird again enquired. "Eggs with us, you know, are a life creating institution; in any case the skill of handling them even with humans, is a profundity."

The birds looked upon Mrs. Turkey Hen with smiles. She had scored a delightful point with their visitor.

"If universal Suffrage is ever established, what do you intend to do, Miss Eagle?" the Raven asked blandly.

"Get a man's position: policeman or president, it doesn't matter which, but I'll fill the bill you may rest assured of that."

"Mercy!" The birds all gasped in their astonishment.

"Lord save us again," said the Parrot, solemnly.

"Are there any more of your kind who are anxious for such an occupation?" asked the Sparrow.

"Lots of 'em, lots of 'em," replied the Eagle.

"Let them try it for awhile in all kinds of weather. They'd be weaklings in a week from crying over their hardships" said the Magpie.

"Not a bit of it. The tear ducts of women are drying up: the moral courage asserted for our rights is the cause, and our powers of endurance against our wrongs helps them too. Oh we're winning. Why even society has taken it up; is helping us and——"

"It want's something to do," interrupted the Parrot. "It wants something to do, I know that. A scream now and then from some of its members gives their mental inanition a jog. It does little harm, for a scream never lasts long you know."

The Parrot's laugh that followed had an effect of arresting the examination. It was so prolonged and so thoroughly indulged in and

enjoyed by the others, Miss Eagle even had to smile.

"Really Parrot you are funny," said Mrs. Barnyard, drying her eyes.

"Isn't she, Miss Eagle?" the Magpie remarked, "And so bright. The Suffrage Society Scream; capital name isn't it? If we take to the idea we must adopt it."

"Capital, capital," said the Owl, dropping his monocle, which he polished and re-adjusted.

"Miss Eagle, there is one more thing we would like to know. Is it absolutely necessary to paint, powder and pad, if we adopt Suffragism? Is it incorporated in the by-laws of Suffragism? If so, we shall never be eligible. I suppose these little eccentricities among the women are not worth noticing, except by the men, but it does seem to me that in this way they stand equal with the men, if they think they too have some qualities, well—perhaps as undesirable. Of course this is mere conjecture. We are quite sure you are free from any of these blemishes, but what about your sisters?"

"Why don't you know, Birdies, such little things ain't worth a continental. Paint and powder have won more victories over men than anything else. We ain't strong enough, or safe enough yet, to quite disregard 'em. We know their value. As for padding, well you know what the eye cannot see doesn't grieve the heart. It's like morals, a question of geography and being found out. I reckon the woman will subtract these little additions when the sum total of the disadvantage is known to her, but it will put a lot of 'em out of business—but oh!"

"Put that down Wisdom, put that down," said the Raven.

"Are there many mothers and wives among the suffragists, or are they principally widows and old maids?"

"We have all kinds and all sorts just like any other world," Miss Eagle said. "You know we can't pick 'em."

"No we didn't think you did," said Miss Parrot, cynically.

"My dear Miss Eagle," said the Raven.

"You certainly have given us a great deal of information today, for which we are deeply grateful. I will just enumerate the headers so that Wisdom may see if he has carefully noted them all, for, we shall have to think out advisedly the subject before we decide whether to follow in the steps of the sparrows or no——"

"Who I see have fled the bushes and gone grubbing," said the Parrot.

"Now Wisdom, I will commence."

"To be a Suffragist, one should have the gift of the gab——"

"You're wise, Raven; the tongue does the work," said Miss Eagle, knowingly——.

"And the tongue does the mischief," interrupted the Parrot.

"Being a Suffragist well armed," continued the Raven, "means winning at least publicity if nothing more, which may be wise or—otherwise: power of rather a doubtful quality; a right to propose to men by the standard of equality; an opportunity to display the most feminine traits of character; to forsake the

hitherto roles of duties of all well-balanced women—the making of the home and the raising of children.”

“Hear! hear!” said Mrs. Barnyard.

“Come, come, Raven; don’t hurt Miss Eagle’s feelings,” called out the Parrot.

The birds smiled—the Suffragette did not.

“For this,” the Raven went on saying, “one must fight, harangue, solicit the aid of contemned man—oh Miss Eagle, I don’t see \_\_\_\_\_”

“Well if you don’t see, its not my fault,” she snapped out. “None so blind as those who won’t see. Well I’m going to stand by my colors.” Planting her elbows on the table and looking squarely at the Raven she said: “You are a set of idiots if you don’t embrace, great, grand, glorious Suffragism. Come now, and join the ranks. Now is the opportunity. Each of you buy a button and let the world see you are members of the Grand Army that’s marching on to glory. Think how strong you’ll become. No weak sentimentality with us. Come on now, be like the Sparrows. They’re

plucky, they're brave, they're fighters. Birdies you don't know what you're missing. I'll take care of you until you're as fearless as I am. Nothing daunts me, nothing can scare me."

"Oh, Miss Eagle, how beautiful, how magnificent," said Mrs. Barnyard, with tears in her voice.

Miss Eagle smiled well pleased: "Yes I'll stand firm, as firm as a rock. My principles nor my standing shall never waver. Raven ain't you a wise one?" She jumped up from her seat and struck an attitude of defiance. "Why don't you join?"

"Oh! I'm—Miss Eagle—I'm so afraid—." The pretended fear of the Raven made the other birds smile.

"Afraid of what? Show me anything, anything that will scare me: men or words, I tell you can't move me—can't move me from the stand I've taken," screamed Miss Eagle.

"My friends," the Raven began, turning and looking at the birds. "You've heard Miss Eagle—have you any doubts of her courage, her fearlessness, her sincerity in her work?"



"She's talked but she hasn't proven much—" said Mrs. Barnyard, quietly.

"I would like to test Miss Eagle in the matter of her—ahem—ah—courage, perhaps—before I venture an opinion on Suffragism," said the Owl, somewhat pompously, monocle and all.

"Test me!!!" screamed Miss Eagle. "Why show me anything that will scare ME. You can't mention it. I defy you——."

The alert expression on the birds' faces was somewhat amusing.

"Men or words can't move ME," shouted Miss Eagle, her face so red and perspiring—it called for "something." "Can't move me I tell you from the stand I've taken." She sat down and planted her elbows again firmly on the table. "Come now what's the test? I'm ready: Is it a MAN? Come on now—what yer waiting for—eh?"

"Oh Miss Eagle" the Magpie called out suddenly, taking her attention from the rest of the birds.

Just at this moment the Raven drew from

underneath the table a small box which Miss Eagle did not notice so excited was she, and waiting for the Magpie to speak.

Quick as a flash he opened it.

"Oh! Miss Eagle! Look!" the Parrot called out loudly——:

"Mercy! Mercy!" shrieked the Suffragette, jumping onto a chair: "Heavens! it's going up my clothes," she called out clutching her skirts with both hands. "Catch it, Birdies! Lord, save me! I feel it running up my leg. Lemme get out, lemme get out, you mean critters: Mercy! I'm scared to death. Save me, save me! It'll be the death of me," and with a loud shriek pulling up her clothes tightly around her, she jumped down from the chair, opened the door and fled for her life.

"Mercy! mercy!" laughingly screamed the Parrot, "she'll be the death of me."

"Oh! oh! Lord, what a sight for man and beast. Did you see her——"

"Oh stop, my sides ache."

"What a SCREAM, and all for a timid, little mouse."



DID YOU SEE HER . . . . . ?

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"My friends! you have heard, the Suffragette Bird,  
Expound her wisdom and lore;  
I hope you're satisfied, it can't be denied  
She's a very amusing bore.  
But, the birdies of her kind, you'll have to bear in mind,  
Are in no way related to us:  
So there really is no fear, of Miss Eagle, poor old dear  
My! didn't she make a fuss?"

"And so t'will ever be—twixt you and me,  
So long as woman is here,  
That when she tries to soar, to manly arts and more,  
She'll swing twixt doubt and fear.  
For a very little thing, will give her, her fling,  
And extremes with her will tell.  
If a 'mousie' is inclined, to make her his find,  
It will change her Heaven to H - - -

*Chorus—*

If a 'mousie' is inclined, to make her his find;  
Her ambitions and views are mist,  
Her heart it quakes with fear, her eye it holds a tear,  
And she clings to a man to be kissed."

"So none of us need worry, at the awful little flurry,  
Of Miss Eagle and her kind,  
If 'suffrage' be their mart, it cannot change the heart,  
Of mice with women we find.  
And, if their courage rises, to go for plums and prizes,  
In the strenuous fields of men,  
All we have to do,—twixt me and you,  
Is to scare them back again.

"And now the song is done, the victory we have won,  
For a woman has proven her sex;  
That tho' she is inclined to politic her mind,  
She's an enigma—too complex:  
She cannot be a man (unless she is a sham)  
And want the work that pays,  
Until she conquers fear, when MOUSIE he is near,  
She will be the woman always.

*Chorus—*

"Until she conquers fear, when MOUSIE he is near,  
Both foolish and winning she'll be:  
Good bye Miss Eagle dear, we're sorry you're not here,  
What a scream you've proved to be.

"My companions," said the Raven, with a sly knowing look on his face, "Do you want Woman Suffrage?"

"Woman Suffrage," responded Miss Magpie, cynically.

"Woman Suffrage," vociferated Mr. Sparrow indignantly.

"Woman Suffrage," exclaimed Mrs. Barnyard pitingly.

"Woman Suffrage," remarked Mr. Owl, scathingly

"Woman Suffrage," said Miss Parrot, scornfully.

"D - - - it, No."

The meeting was disbanded

The report sent to Dame Nature, satisfied her.

THE END



